THE LANCASTER LEDGER.

$2 PER ANNUM. CHAINED TO NO PARTY'S ARBITRARY SWAY, | WE CLEAVE TO TRUTH, WHERE'ER SHE LEADS THE WAY." IN ADVANCE

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO LITERARY, COMMERCIAL, AGRICULTURAL, SCIENTIFIC, GENERAL AND LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

PRACTICAL JOKES.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

WAT ROBINSON.

Ha! dost thou think I fear thy spectral crew
Of ghosts and demons? All the host of hell,
With thee to back them, giant as thou art,
Shall never scare me from my homeward path!
The boy of Judah was a very dwarf,
Match'd with Philistia's giant: but the strength
Of mind, made perfect in the fear of God,
Gave to the shepherd boy the victory
O'er him who trusted in the arm of flesh.

S. M.

The story I am about to tell I had from an old aunt of mine, who, has long been gathered to her kindred dust. She was a woman of singular talent, and in her youth had possessed great personal beauty; at eighty years of age, her bright black eyes were undimmed, she had not lost one of her fine teeth, and her cheeks retained the bloom of the rose. What she had been in her early days might be gathered from the noble remains that time had touched so lightly, that her elastic mind seemed to bid defiance to decay. In the glory of her prime, deuls had been fought for her, and wise men had vied with each other to win from her an approving smile.

If the term beautiful could be applied to an old woman, my aunt was a beauty still. The old lady was perfectly aware, of the fact; and would recount with great glee the conquests and triumphs of her girlhood. These reminiscences of by-gone vanity, which it would have been wise at her time of life to have buried in oblivion. I listened to with little or no interest; but her ghost stories and traditionary lore, her legends of the wild, and wonderful, her long catalogue of extraordinary dreams and mysterious warnings, always afforded me the keenest delight.

Naturally of a strong and vigorous mind, my aunt did not herself believe in supernatural agencies; but they amused her, and she told these stories so well, that she never tired her auditors. It is one of these tales that I am about to relate.—She had the facts from my grandfather, who was himself personally acquainted with Mr. Lethwaite, one of the actors in the drama.

About a hundred years ago, there lived in the town of Kendal, Westmoreland, a man of gigantic stature and great strength, who followed the trade of a butcher.—This person, who was called Wat Robinson, was noted for his quarrelsome, ruffianly disposition, which won for him the name of Bully Robinson, the big butcher of Kendal. Foremost in all scenes of riot and dissipation, he was universally feared and hated.

This man was very fond of practical jokes, but his jokes were like himself, and originated in the cruelty and malice of his mind. The pain he inflicted upon others afforded him the greatest pleasure. The grating tones of his coarse brutal laugh inflicted a deeper wound than the most bitter of his biting jests.

It is impossible for a benevolent minded person to give any countenance to this species of amusement, for, though the joke may be harmless in itself, a kindly person will derive no entertainment from anything that calls forth angry feelings in another.

There was a very lonely cross country road in the vicinity of Lendal, which formed a short cut to the beautiful lake of Windermere. The path was rocky and narrow, and seldom frequented by any but pedestrian or equestrian travellers. For some months previous to the period of which I am now writing, this road had got the character of being haunted. A hideous apparition in the form of a hairy monster, with horns and hoofs, obstructed the passage of travellers through the lane, chasing them back with dreadful bellowings and other diabolical noises.

Many persons had been frightened into fits by the spectre; and one feeble old man had lost his reason, by unexpectedly encountering the demon in one of the most lonely turnings on the rockey road.

This frightful phantom had been seen by so many respectable persons in the town and its vicinity, whose veracity, from the well known integrity of their characters, the most sceptical could scarcely doubt, that the public mind became greatly agitated, by the nightly occurrence of such starling facts. People were no longer laughed at for their credulity, in believing that which so many respectable witnesses declared to be true.

The Windermere ghost became the general theme of conversation; and the road was abandoned by all who were acquainted with the tale, and could reach the lake by a more public thoroughfare.

One night a large party had assembled in a small public house in the suburbs of Kendal, to drink their ale, and discuss the news of the day. These were chiefly farmers and sheep-graziers from the moors and fells, who had disposed of the fallings of their flocks at the market, and were returning in a body to their lonely homes among the hills. The centre of this group and a man of no small importance among them, was the big butcher of Kendal.—He had been a large purchaser; and the jolly yeoman had flung back a few shillings from the money they had received to furnished a general treat—big Wat himself being placed in the chair, as the great man of the company.

This was an honor the bully butcher never failed to abuse. As the fumes of the ale began to ascend into his head, he grew loud and quarrelsome, engrossing all the conversation to himself, while his blustering manner and ill-natured jokes so disgusted his companions, that one by one they silently rose to depart, dreading, by word or action, to rouse into active operation the mischievous disposition of the man.

The guests at the "Holly-Tree" had all dropped away, until the butcher and one young man, who had been a silent spectator of the scene, alone occupied the chimney-corner. This person, who was vastly superior in his appearance to the men who had lately filled the table, was dressed in the grey home-spun cloth of the country, and looked like a wealthy yeoman of the middle class. To Robinson he was a stranger, and that worthy continued to eye him with a sinister glance of curiosity and inquiry.

The landlord entered to throw on a fresh billet of wood, for it was winter, and the night was very cold.

"Is the moon up, Lowther?" said the yeoman, rising to his feet, and buttoning his great coat up to the chin. "It is time I was on the road."

"Yes, Mr. Lethwaite, she has been up some time, but, sir, if I were in your place I would never travel that road at midnight."

"Why, what the deuce is the matter with the road? Are you troubled with robbers in these parts?"

"No, sir, the road is haunted."

"Haunted!" exclaimed the yeoman, bursting into a merry laugh.

"Yes, sir; haunted, and by the devil, sir! I saw him with my own eyes, and you know, sir, the old saying, seeing is believing."

"Hump! and what was the devil like?"

"Like, sir! why, nothing human. He was as hairy as a buffalo, with huge white horns, a long whisking tail, and cloven feet."

"Oh, ho! the old story, I never saw the devil, and have no great wish to make his acquaintance to-night; but it is not an idle woman's tale that will prevent me from taking the nearest road home.—Pray order your man to saddle my horse quickly, for I have over-stayed my time already."

The landlord hastened to give the necessary orders, and Robinson, who had been listening to the yeoman, with a half sneer, now turning hastily round, addressed him abruptly, and without ceremony,—

"You wish us to think you a very brave man, Mr. Lethwaite, if that is your name."

"That is to me a matter of perfect indifference," returned Lethwaite, haughtily and surveying the bully butcher with a stern glance; "the man who has faith in himself cares little for the opinions of others."

"No offence," said Robinson, who did not like the fiery glance of his companion's eye; "but if you are determined upon returning to Windermere by the cross road, it is the duty of a friend to warn you of your danger."

"Danger! what, the idle tale I have just heard; none but a coward would turn from his path for a gossip's fable."

"Men as brave as you be have sallied forth at nightfall, to bid defiance, as they said, to all the powers of darkness, and have returned to their hearth at midnight as pale as the sheeted dead. There is not a man in Kendal," cried the excited butcher, striking his huge fist on the oak table, until the glass upon it chattered and rang again, "that dare travel that road to-night."

"I am sorry to think that the descendants of the old Kendal archers can have degenerated into such a flock of geese," said the yeoman. "I have lived too long among the hills to be frightened by shadows. My horse is at the door; good night, sir."

"You are stark, staring mad," cried the butcher, placing his huge person in the doorway, "to attempt that road to-night—you will return to the 'Holly-Tree' before morning, half dead with fright."

The young man smiled incredulously

"Sir, you disbelieve me!"

"I think you very credulous."

"Fellow, do you take me for a coward!" replied the butcher, the red blood rushing into his bloated face. "You had better mind what you say. With one blow I could annihilate a puny chap like you."

"Real courage cannot be tested by mere animal strength," said Lethwaite, calmly. "David was a dwarf to Goliah, but mental courage and the fear of God conquered his gigantic foe. I do not wish to quarrel with you, sir. You believe in ghosts; I do not. Good night."

"Ah!" quoth the butcher, shaking his huge fist after him, "the Windermere ghost shall punish you well for your disbelief."

Lethwaite's foot was in the stirrup, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him; "I am not afraid of ghosts, Lowther but I have some money about me; the Windermere demon may be a poor devil, whom the love of plunder may tempt to do a deed of violence. It will be as well to examine the loading of my pistols."

He returned with the landlord to the house, and both were not a little pleased to find the butcher gone. Lethwaite continued chatting some time with the landlord.

"I do not like this ghost story of yours," he said. "If such spectre has really been seen, depend upon it it, is some deep contrivance to hide a worse danger. I wish, for the good of the community, that I may be lucky enogh to fall in with the ghost."

"Ah, Mr. Lethwaite, sir, you are only tempting Providence when you talk in that careless way. The ghost is a real ghost; for, though it has frightened many and myself among the rest, I never heard of any person being robbed. Old Dodson, the lame beggar, lost his senses; but then he was always a half witted creature, and a man's reason is not his money. Did, I not see the horrid thing myself, I who, God forgive me, had made game of it, and those who believed in it, just as you do at this moment—I saw the monster with my own eyes; and how I escaped from it I never could tell. I ran so fast that I never felt the ground under my feet, while it pursued me with the most frightful yells. I kept my bed for a week after, and have taken good care never to tread that road again by night."

"It is strange," said Lethwaite, musing; "some truth must be mingled with this fantastic error. What time of night does this spectre generally appear?"

"It has been seen at all hours, from twilight until the gray dawn of day. It was about nine o'clock in the evening when it appeared to me. It is near eleven, now, sir. You will just reach that black, crooked turning in the road, which winds round the foot of the hill, by midnight. That lonely spot is the demon's favorite haunt."

"I know the place," said Lethwait. "Yes, it is a frightful, gloomy spot, with steep banks and high rocks on either side. Dark almost at noon-day, but doubly dark at noon of night."

Then, whistling, an old border song, to keep up his courage, the yeoman dashed the spurs into his fine horse, and rode of at a quick pace; and in a few minutes was out of sight. The landlord listened for a few minutes to the clicking of his horse's hoofs, striking against the frozen ground, and thinking him a confounded fool, closed the door, and went to bed.

Lethwaite sped merrily along. The moon shone bright and high above him in the cloudless sky, and the sharp cold wintry wind whistled in his hair, and chilled his manly cheek. An hour's riding brought him to the brow of the steep crooked hill, which had been pointed out to him as the favorite haunt of the ghost.

At the foot of this hill, the road took an abrupt turn, and the high rocks projecting on either side hid the open space and presented to the traveller the appearance of a huge cavern, until he reached the bottom of the glen, when the delusion vanished. Stunted holly trees had sprung up among the crevices of the rocks, and their close dark foliage cast a sepulchral gloom into the deep hollow below.

"It is an ugly spot," thought Lethwaite, as he checked his horse to tread at footfall the steep descent. "Murder may have been committed here, in olden time, but pooh, pooh, there is no such things as ghosts; but if ever there was a spot more capable of inspiring such a dread than another, it is surely this."

The side of the road to his left was in deep shadow. The very spirit of darkness seemed to brood over the gloomy recess, while the moon gilded with a wan and spectral light the opposite wall of rock.

Lethwaite in spite of his boasted courage, felt a sudden chill creep through him as he approached the awful spot

"God of Heaven," he murmured in a tone below his breath, "what can that be?" as a horrid shape slowly and distinctly rose before him, and became stationary in the middle of the path.

It was not the form of a man, and certainly it was not a beast, but appeared a shocking compound of both. Imagine a creature upwards of six feet high, covered covered with shaggy black hair, the head that of a bull, with huge, white, widely extended horns. The sinewy bare arms of a man, extended above this ghastly grasping a burning brand, which emitted a thin cloud of pale blue smoke. The lower part of the body was so enveloped in shade that it only presented a shapeless mass.

Lethwaite, who never expected to behold a real edition of the Windermere ghost, felt his hair stiffen, and his teeth slightly chatter, as he suddenly reigned in his horse, and forced himself to look steadily upon the ghastly phantom. The horse possessing less self-reliance than his master, plunged, snorted, and reared, as with a hideous yell the apparition advanced, Brandishing his fiery weapon in a threatening manner.

"Steady, boy—steady," cried his master, in a soothing tone, shamed out of his own fears by the terror of his steed. "If this be the devil, stand still, and let thy master face him like a man."

Reassured by the well-known voice, and the caress of the well known hand, the noble animal did as he was commanded; but he shook and shivered in every limb.

Lethwaite had by this time drawn a pistol from his belt; and riding towards the spectre, he cried out in a stern voice, "Miserable impostor! throw off your disguise, or you are a dead man; for by the God that made me, I will see if your body is proof against a leaden ball!"

A wild unearthly yell was the only answer he got to his threat; and the demon was now within ten paces of his horse. The sharp report of Lethwait's pistol woke up all the lonely echoes of the place, and the huge hairy monster fell heavily to the earth with a smothered curse; and the yeoman, yielding for a moment to uncontrollable fear, turned the head of his terrified steed, and never slackened his speed till he reached the door of the public house.

After a few minutes of breathless suspense, his loud hurried knock was answered by the landlord, who thrusting his head out of the garret window, demanded, in no very gentle tone, the cause of such an unseasonable attack upon his door.

"It is I, Lowther—it is Richard Lethwaite; get up and let me in directly."

"Ah, ah, I thought how it would end," said the landlord, as he descended to unbar the door, and he called up his groom to relieve his guest of his tired horse.

"The ghost has driven you back faster than you went. This is to disbelieve the word of honest folks. Why man, what have you seen; you look like one just risen from the dead."

"I fear I have sent one to dwell with the dead a little before his time," said Lethwaite, drinking off the glass of brandy proffered to him by his host, at a draught. "I have shot the ghost; whether man or devil, it was not proof against powder and ball. I am more distressed at this event than if I had encountered all the hosts of hell, with Satan himself to back them. Call up your people, for I can no longer go alone to that infernal spot—and let us examine and identify the corpse."

It was daylight before Lowther could pursuade any of his servants or neighbors to accompany him and Mr. Lethwaite to the lane. They believed that the latter had seen the ghost; but as to killing it, that was a sort of waking night-mare—something too incredible even for the supernatural wonders of a dream.

Many were the questions put to Lethwaite by the little band of men; but he walked on silently and thoughtfully without speaking a word to any.

"Why did you not call up the big butcher, Lowther?" said one of the party. "In any case of danger that man is a host in himself."

"I have great doubts as to his courage," said Lowther, drily. "He is a great bully, and these wordy men are all froth; and they make a great noise, but are very slow in action. If Mr. Lethwaite has killed the ghost, big Wat would be of small service to us, as the danger is already past."

"Killed the ghost!" said the first speaker, with a sneer: who ever heard of mortal man killing a ghost? It is not in flesh and blood to do that."

"But suppose the ghost was a man," said Lethwaite; suppose that it was the big butcher of Kendal himself."

"Now, God forbid," said several voices at once: 'the man is a devil, but not bad enough to turn ghost."

"We shall soon know," said Lethwaite; "at the bottom of this hill, the riddle will be solved."

They had now reached the brow of the steep hill. The sun was just rising above the distant mountains; and his first beams glanced upon the tree tops, without penetrating the gloomy recess which still lay buried in dense shadow.

Slowly and with evident signs of fear, the little party wound down the hill. One man tried to hum a tune another to whistle; while a third talked very loudly about his own courage—in reality possessing very little; but they all endeavored to dissipate the fear to which they involuntarily became the prey, as they approached the dreaded spot.

Lethwaite, who had lingered behind, now walked briskly forward and headed the party. A dark, indistinct mass, lay huddled up in the centre of the narrow road. All drew back: Lethwaite stepped up to it, and remained stationary, beckoning with his hand for the others to advance. They did so; but what was the surprise and astonishment of all, to find in the supposed spectre, the dead and bleeding body of Wat Robinson, wrapped up in the hide of a bull; his naked arms bare, and a club smeared with phosphorus still grasped in his stiffened hand.

"He deserved his death," said Lowther, looking down upon his ghastly corpse.—"It was a cruel thing of him to adopt this hideous disguise, in order to frighten his friends and neighbors."

"It was just like the man," said another, "he was so full of spite and malice, he could not bear to see others happy."

"He has paid a heavy price for his folly," said Lethwaite. "His melancholy fate should be a solemn warning to all persons who engage in such wicked jokes. Come, my friends, let us carry him hence; I am sorry that he got his death by my hand."

Language of Flowers.

We are indebted to one of our distant contemporaries for the following interpretation of the language of flowers. It will be found useful to those wishing to carry on a courtship by mysterious signs:

Dahlia—Forever thine.
Hyacinth—Affection returned.
Jonquil—First love.
Blue Violet—Faithlessness, or I must be sought to be found.
White Violet—Modest virtue.
Althea—I would not act contrary to reason.
Bachelor Button—Hope even in misery.
Jessamine—My heart is joyful.
Cedar—You are entitled to my love.
China Aster—You have no cause for discouragement.
Bay—I change but in death.
Heart's Ease—Forget-me-not.
Locust—Sorrow endeth not when it seemeth to.
Magnolia—Perseverance, or you are one of our nature's nobility.
Myrtle—Love withereth; love betrayeth.
Peach blossom—Here is my choice.
Pink variegated—You have my friendship, ask no more.
Evening Primroses—Man's love is like the changing moon.
Rosebud—Thou hast stolen my affections.
Rosemary—Keep this for my sake; I'll remember thee.
Daffodil—Self love is the besetting sin.
Oak—I honor you above all others.
White Rose—Art has spoiled you.
Tansey—I mean to insult you; I declare war against you.
Wall Flower—My affection is above time or misfortune.
Yearling—Now thy heart is known, thy spell binds me not.
Holly—Come near me if you dare.
Butter Cup—Deceit is often thus covered.

A Remarkable Man.

At a temperance meeting held in Alabama, about six years ago, Colonel Lemanousky, who had been twenty-three years in the armies of Napoleon Bonaparte, addressed the meeting. He rose before the audience, tall, erect and vigorous, with a glow of health upon his cheek and said:

"You see before you, a man of 70 years old. I have fought *two hundred battles*, have fourteen wounds on my body, have lived thirty days on horse flesh, with the bark of trees for my bread, snow and ice for my drink, the canopy of Heaven for covering without stockings or shoes on my feet, and only a few rags of clothing. In the deserts of Egypt I have marched for days with a burning sun upon my naked head; feet blistered in the scorching sand, and with eyes, nostrils, and mouth filled with dust, and with a thirst so tormenting that I have opened the veins of my arms and sucked my own blood! Do you ask how I survived all the horrors? I answer that under the providence of God, I owe my preservation, my health and vigor, to this fact, that I *never drank a drop of spirituous liquor in my life*, and continued he, 'Baron Larry, chief of the medical staff of the French army, has stated as a fact that the 6,000 survivors who safely returned from Egypt were all of those men who abstained from ardent spirits.'"

James G. Percival, the poet, has, it is said, cast aside the harp and forever abandoned the muses. The Louisville Journal thus speaks of his retirement:

Self-immured in a room of the hospital in the extreme suburbs of New Haven—a city of which a poet should be proud—this gifted and eccentic being lives, as he has lived for the last quarter of a century, a purely solitary and ascetic life. He is wholly absorbed in intellectual pursuits, and shrinks with a painful sensitiveness from all the luxuries and amenities of life. No eastern anchorite ever abjured more completely the comforts and refinements of elegant rank for the blank privations of his cell—no storied recluse ever more voluntarily renounced a brilliant career of usefulness and fame for the lonely vigils of a hermitage. In this desolation, rejoicing, it is said, in but a single chair, he has surrounded himself with a magnificent library and philosophical apparatus, from which friend and foe are alike excluded, and in which, thought dead to all beside, he seeks and finds the solace and the charms of intellect.

There is curent among authors a capital story of Professor Wilson and Chas. Lamb, and one, moreover, that is entirely spoilt by the late Mr. Justice Talfourd, in a note to the letters of that delightful essayist. Wilson entertained a hearty admiration for Elia, and when last in London, (for his London visits were few and far between,) he called on Lamb, and took a quiet stroll with the essayist about Edmonton and Enfield. Lamb's liking for London porter in the middle of the day, deserves to be proverbial. He seldom went out on a stroll but what he indulged in a pint of his mid-day beverage. He had long endeavored to quiet this desire in his walk with Wilson, remembering that his companion was a public professor of moral philosophy, and therefore, it was to be supposed, not particularly anxious to be seen walking with one who entered a public house with the familiar air of an old frequenter. Thirst and custom, however, got the better of prudence, and Lamb at length asked Wilson to walk on, and he would soon overtake him. Now, Wilson knew the failing of his friend, consented, and let Lamb get round the corner. As soon as Lamb was in seeming safety, Wilson ran after him, saw him enter a public house, hurry to the tap call for "a pint of porter," as fast as his stutter ing manner would allow him. "Make it a pot," said Wilson, throwing down a shilling, and eyeing Lamb with a look of unutterable good feeling. Lamb clasped the Professor's hand with an intensity of warmth, and the pot was enjoyed as never a pot of porter was perhaps enjoyed before. Lamb thought well of the Scotch from that moment.—*N. Y. Post.*

The Goat in the Chair.

Dr. Cooper, of the South Carolina College, was one of the best natured old gents that ever lectured to mischievous boys.—On one occasion, when he entered the lecture-room, he found the class all seated with unwonted punctuality, and looking wonderous grave. Mischief was the cause and it was apparent that they were prepared for a burst of laughter as the old Doctor waded along to the professor's chair, for there sat an old goat, bolt upright, lashed to the chair. But they were disappointed of their fun, for instead of getting angry and storming at them, he mildly remarked. "Aha, young gentlemen! quite republican, I see, in your tendencies! fond of representative government? Well, well it is all right, I dare say; the present incumbent can fill it as well as any of you. You may listen to his lecture to day. Good bye! Don't feel sheepish about it!" And he went away without leaving a smile behind.

Tale of a Pin.

In an early month of the year 1778, with a tolerable education, and with many natural qualifications for a financial life, Jacques Lafitte was seeking for a situation as clerk. He had high hopes and a light heart, for he brought with him a letter of introduction to M. Perregaux, the Swiss banker. But with all his sanguine anticipations and golden day-dreams, he was bashful and retiring. It was with a trembling heart that the young provincial appeared before the Parisian man of bonds and gold. He managed to explain the purpose of his visit, and presented his letter of recommendation. The broker quietly read the note. "It is impossible," said he, as he had laid it aside, "that I can find room for you at present; all my offices are full. Should there be a vacancy at a future time, I will see what can be done. In the meantime, I advise you to apply elsewhere, as it may be a considerable period before I shall be able to admit you." Away went sunshine and prosperous visions! Disappointed and gloomy, Jacques left the presence of the politic banker. As he crossed with downcast eyes the court-yard of the noble mansion he observed a pin lying on the ground.—His habitual habits of frugality, amidst his disappointment, were still upon the watch. He picked up the pin and carefully stuck it in the lappel of his coat.

From that trivial action sprung his future greatness; that one single act of frugal care and regard for little things, opened the way to a stupendous fortune.—From the window of his cabinet, M. Perregaux had observed the action of his rejected clerk, and he wisely thought that the man who would stop to pick up a pin under such circumstances, was endowed with necessary qualities for a good economist; he read in that single act of parsimony an indication of a great financial mind, and he deemed the acquisition of such a one as wealth itself. Before the day had closed, Lafitte received a note from the banker. "A place," it said "is made for you at my office, which you may take possession of to-morrow." The banker was not deceived in his estimate of the character of Lafitte, and the young clerk soon displayed a talent and aptness for his calling that procured his advancement from a clerk to a cashier; fram a cashier to a partner; and from a partner to the head proprietor of the first banking house in Paris. He became a deputy, and then a president of the Council of of ministers. What a destiny for a man who would stoop to pick up a pin!—*French Paper.*

How Cincinnati became a City.

In the settlement of new countries, it often happens that the most trival circumstance produce important results. According to Judge Burnett's "Notes on the North Western Territory," the question whether North Band or Cincinnati should be the great commercial town of the Miami county, was decided by the fact that the commandant of the military station at North Bend, became strongly attached to a "black eyed," who lived with her husband at the Bend where he was stationed; and the husband becoming somewhat alarmed at the attention which the commandant paid to his wife, removed to Cincinnati. Finding his lady-love had fled, the officer thought North Bend unfit for a commercial town, and moved with his troops to Cincinnati, and from that day the glory of the Bend departed, and that of Cincinnati arose.

Judge Burnett remarks: (page 56:)—"The incomparable beauty of a Spartan-dame produced a ten year war which terminated in the destruction of Troy; and the irresistible charms of another female transferred the commercial Emporium of Ohio from the place where it now is.—If this captivating American Helen had continued at the Bend the garrison would have been erected there—population, capital and business would have been centered there, and there would have been the Queen City of the West."

ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.—An oyster or rather a water muscle, in which the artificial pearls are formed by the Chinese, has reccently been sent to England. These pearls are only obtained near Ning-po, and until lately very little was known of the manner in which they were formed. The Hermes steamer, however, on a late visit to that place, was able to obtain several live ones, in which, on being opened, several pearls, as many as 18 or 20, were found in the course of formation. The one sent contains simple pearls adhering to the shell. It appears they are formed formed by introducing some pieces of wood or baked earth into the animal while alive, which, irritating it, causes it to cover the extraneous substance with a pearly deposit. Little figures made of metal are frequently introduced, and when covered with the deposit, are valued by the Chinese as charms. These figures generally represent Buddha, in a sittting posture, in which that image is most frequently portrayed. Several specimens have, it is said, been preserved alive in spirits, and others slightly opened, so as to show the pearls. The society has reason to believe that it will shortly receive a more detailed statement, accompanied with specimens, in reference to this interesting fact.

Gingerbread.

Whisk four steamed or well cleared eggs to the lightest possible froth, and pour to them, by degrees, a pound and a quarter of molasses, still beating them lightly. Add, in the same manner, six ounces of pale brown sugar, free from lumps, one pound of sifted flower, and six ounces of good butter, just sufficiently warm to be liquid, and no more—for, if hot, it would render the cakes heavy; it should be poured in small portions to the mixture, which should be well beaten up with the back of a wooden spoon as each portion is thrown in. The success of the cake depends almost entirely on this part of the process. When properly mingled with the mass, the butter will not be perceptible on the surface; and if the cakes be kept light by constant whisking, large bubbles will appear in it to the last. When it is so far ready add to it one ounce of Jamaica ginger, and a large teaspoonful of cloves in fine powder, with the lightly grated rinds of two fresh, full-sized lemons. But thickly in every part, a shallow, square tin pan, and bake the gingerbread slowly for nearly or quite an hour in a gentle oven. Let it cool a little before it is turned out, and set it on its edge until cold, supporting it, if needful against a large jar or bowl.

A DARK DAY COMING!—There will be an extraordinary eclipse of the sun, on the 26th of May next, such a one as none but the oldest inhabitants have witnessed in this vicinity. It will be similar to the great eclipse of 1806, since which there has been none resembling it, nearer than that of 1830, where eleven twelfths of the sun was obscured.—*American Courier.*

☞ An irregular apprentice keeping late hours his master at length took occasion to apply some weighty arguments to convince him of the error of his ways. During the chastisement, he continually exclaimed: "How long will you serve the devil?" The boy replied, whimpering. "You know best, sir,—I believe my indentures will be out in *three months*."

☞ The Orator who carried away his audience, is affectionately and humanely requested to bring it back, as there were 20 mothers in it who left "sucking babies" at home, that are liable to want "something" some time or another, or from that time to an hour and a half.

QUICK WIT.—One of the readiest replies we have heard lately was made by an Irish laborer.

A gentleman travlling on horseback, "Down East," came upon an Irishman who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land.

'What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat?' said he 'a herd of cows would starve to death on that land.'

"And sure, you honor wasn't I fencing it to keep the poor bastes out of it!"

"Ma, didn't the minister say last Sunday that the sparks flew upwards?"

"Yes, my dear, how come you to be thinking of it?"

"Because, yesterday, I saw cousin Sally's sparks stagger along the street and fall downwards."

"Here, Bridget, but this child to bed she must be getting sleepy."